

MARVEL[®]
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AGUIRRE-SACASA • HOBERG • GAUDIANO • MILLA

The Sensational **SPIDER-MAN**[®]

BACK IN BLACK



NEW YORK CITY.
ON THE BRINK.



The Last Temptation of **EDDIE BROCK** PART 2 OF 2





M-MR. BROCK...
W-WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



GETTING
READY TO PLAY
DOCTOR--
--AND
STOP CALLING
ME "EDDIE" AND
"MR. BROCK."



P-PUT
THAT SCALPEL
D-D-D-D--
DOWN,
NURSE SIMS?



PLEASE,
MR. BROCK--
I TOLD
YOU--



--THAT'S
NOT MY
NAME--

AA
AA
HEE
EE



"...SOMEONE
SCREAMING
BLOODY MURDER."





OH, GOODY,
FEELS LIKE SOMEONE'S
GOTTEN THEIR TASTE FOR
KILLING BACK.



BUT MAY
PARKER...



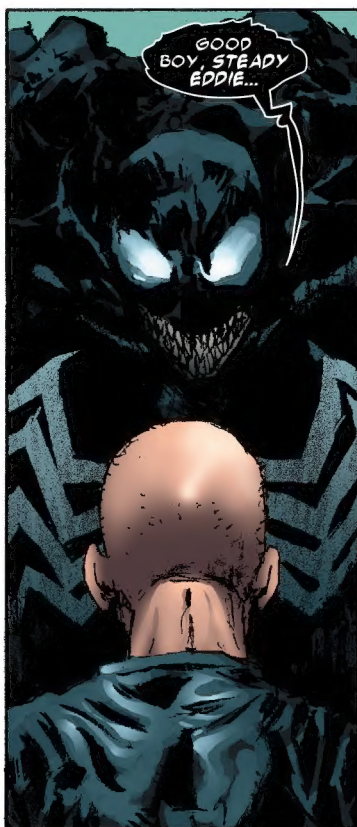
IS GUILTY OF
RAISING THE MAN WHO
DESTROYED EVERYTHING
THAT WAS GOOD IN
YOUR LIFE--

--(EVERYTHING
BUT ME)--

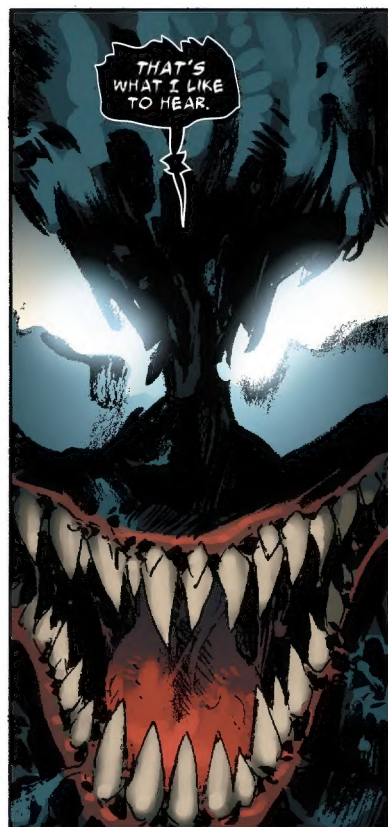
--SO DON'T
START WAFFLING
NOW, ED-DIE.



NO...
...I
WONT.



GOOD
BOY, STEADY
EDDIE...



THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE
TO HEAR.



NOW
CLEAN UP THAT
MESS YOU MADE
SO WE'RE
READY.
SOMETHING
TELLS ME--



--THERE'S ONLY GONNA
BE ONE WINDOW OF
OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE
THE OLD BIDDY WHAT
SHE'S BEGGING FOR."



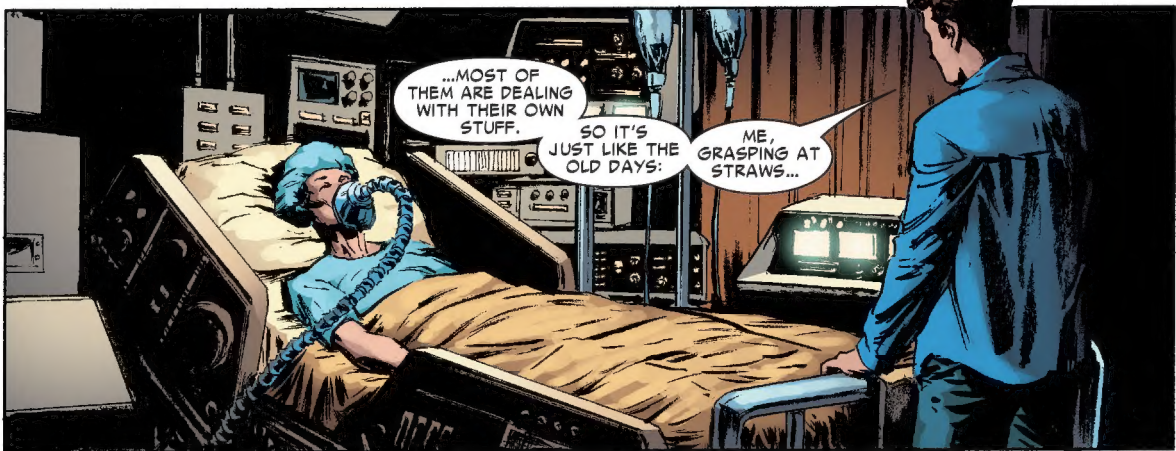
I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT
ELSE TO DO,
AUNT MAY.
WHERE
ELSE TO
TURN...



OFFICIALLY, I'M NOT
EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE
HERE. I'M STILL A FUGITIVE,
ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST
WANTED...

(AND
NOT IN A GOOD
WAY.)

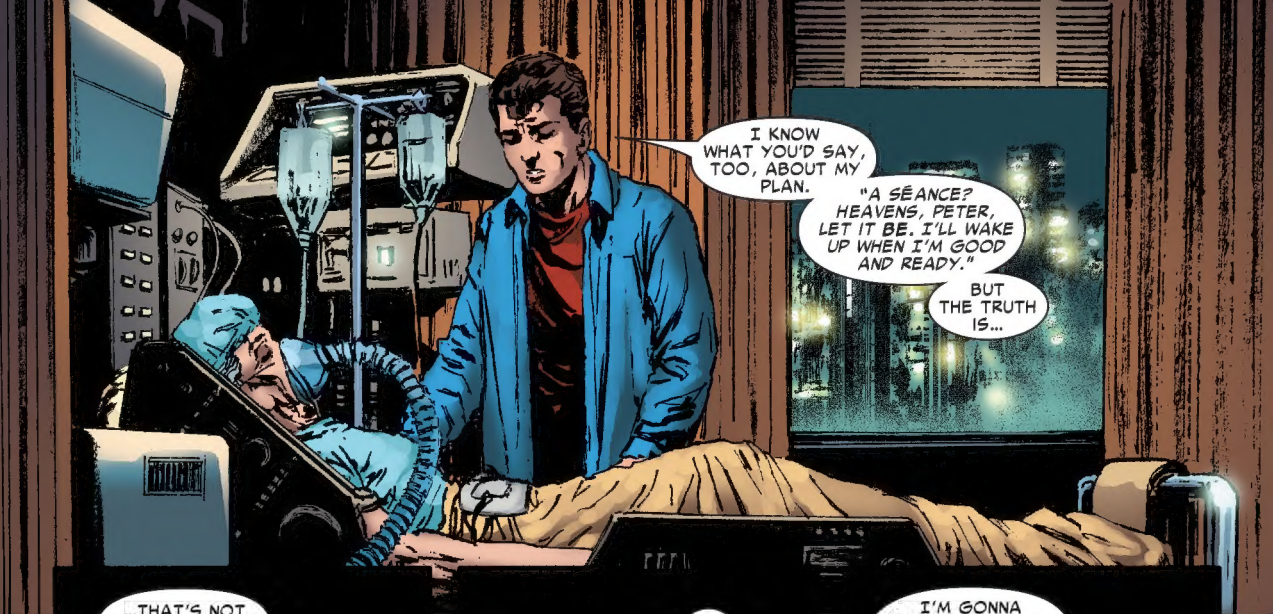
MOST OF
THE PEOPLE I
WOULD NORMALLY
ASK FOR HELP...



...MOST OF
THEM ARE DEALING
WITH THEIR OWN
STUFF.

SO IT'S
JUST LIKE THE
OLD DAYS:

ME,
GRASPING AT
STRAWS...



I KNOW
WHAT YOU'D SAY,
TOO, ABOUT MY
PLAN.

"A SÉANCE?
HEAVENS, PETER,
LET IT BE. I'LL WAKE
UP WHEN I'M GOOD
AND READY."

BUT
THE TRUTH
IS...



...THAT'S NOT
GONNA HAPPEN,
AUNT MAY.

I DON'T THINK
SO, THE DOCTORS
DON'T THINK SO...



...



I'M GONNA
GO NOW, AUNT
MAY, BUT I'LL JUST
BE DOWNSTAIRS,
OKAY?



...
SEE YOU IN
A BIT, CRAZY
LADY.

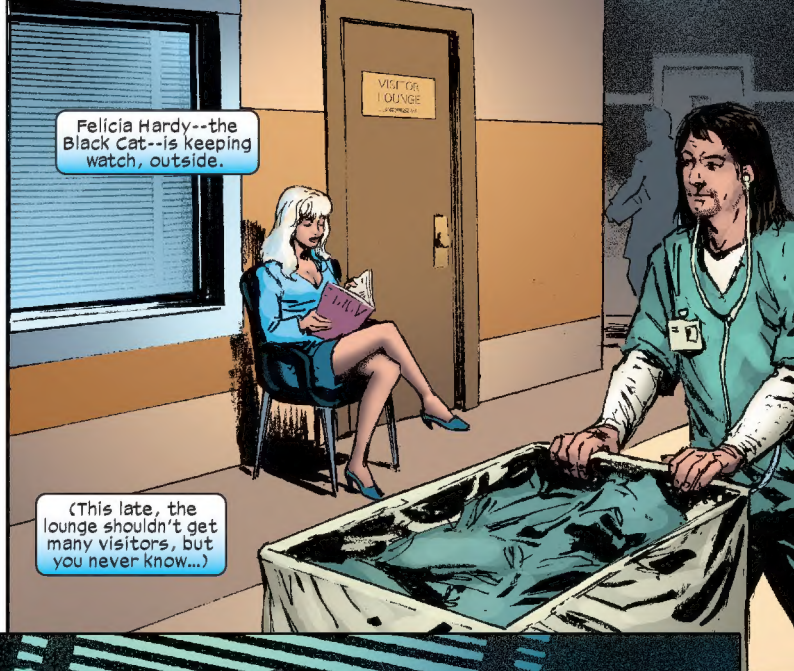


With all the equipment
keeping her alive, May's
room is too **CROWDED**
for us to convene there...



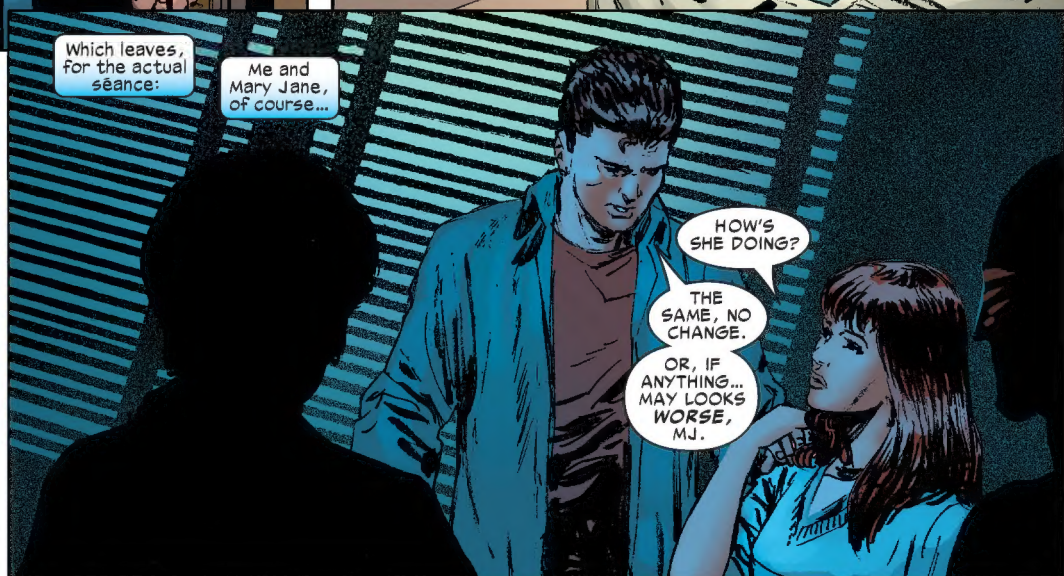
So we gather in a lounge behind the hospital's chapel.

Me and my **AMAZING** friends...



Felicia Hardy--the Black Cat--is keeping watch, outside.

(This late, the lounge shouldn't get many visitors, but you never know...)



Which leaves, for the actual seance:

Me and Mary Jane, of course...

HOW'S SHE DOING?

THE SAME, NO CHANGE.

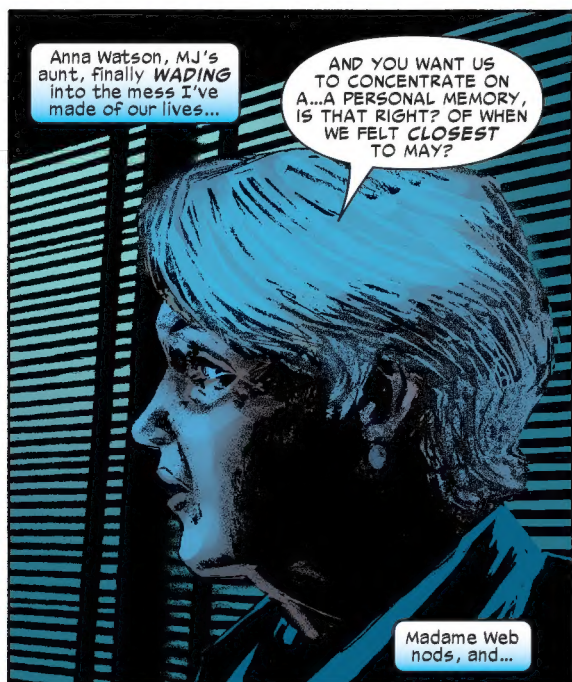
OR, IF ANYTHING... MAY LOOKS WORSE, MJ.



Madame Web, our medium...

JOIN HANDS; CLOSE YOUR EYES.

IMAGINE A CURRENT OF ENERGY PASSING FROM THE PERSON ON YOUR LEFT, THROUGH YOUR HANDS, INTO YOUR BODY...



Anna Watson, MJ's aunt, finally **WADING** into the mess I've made of our lives...

AND YOU WANT US TO CONCENTRATE ON A...A PERSONAL MEMORY, IS THAT RIGHT? OF WHEN WE FELT **CLOSEST** TO MAY?

Madame Web nods, and...



...it's not **ELECTRO**-level intensity, but I **DO** feel something crackling around the table...

PASSING through us, from palm to palm...



Madame Web is whispering something, chanting...

(Is that even **ENGLISH?**)



I don't know what everyone else is focused on, but I'm remembering...



The night it happened.

Standing in front of our house together.

The ambulance and police cars in our driveway...



May is still alive, so we're not trying to "cross over" to the "other side," we're just...trying to **LOCATE** her consciousness...



Which may be hiding in **MEMORY**, Madame Web told us. In an individual memory or a **COLLECTIVE** memory...

Any **ONE** of us could find her, apparently...



...but I'm really hoping it's--

WHOA.

There we are, clutching each other, **CRYING**, holding on for dear life...

God, we look so... **YOUNG**. Not just me; May, too...



THANK YOU, PETER, THAT'S A NICE COMPLIMENT.

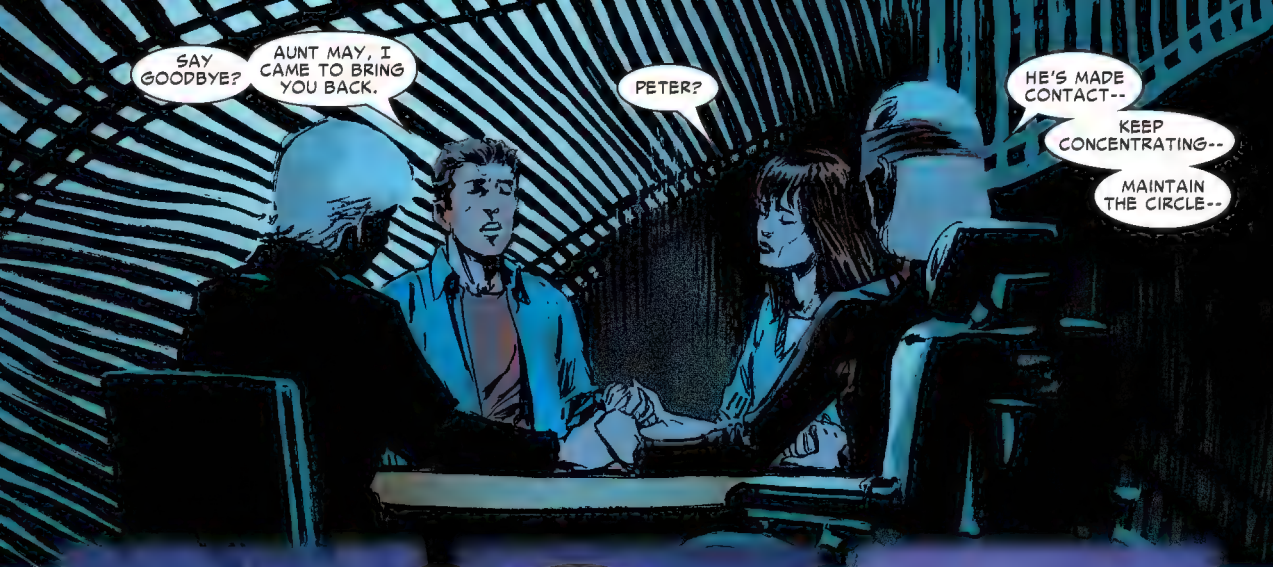
AUNT MAY?



IN SOME WAYS, I DON'T THINK I EVER MOVED **BEYOND** THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT...

HELLO, DEAR.

COME TO SAY GOODBYE?



SAY
GOODBYE?

AUNT MAY, I
CAME TO BRING
YOU BACK.

PETER?

HE'S MADE
CONTACT--

KEEP
CONCENTRATING--

MAINTAIN
THE CIRCLE--



PETER...
I DON'T
WANT TO COME
BACK.
WHAT?

I'M TIRED,
PETER...

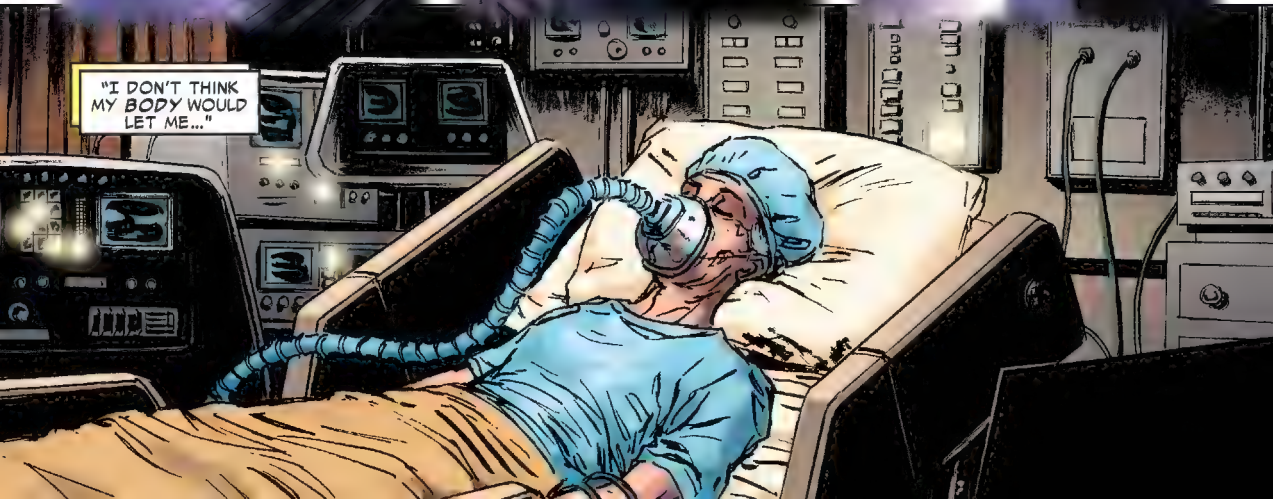
AND I'VE
BEEN DOWN THIS
ROAD...

TOO,
TOO MANY
TIMES.

AUNT
MAY, ARE
YOU...
...SORRY,
BUT ARE YOU
GIVING UP?

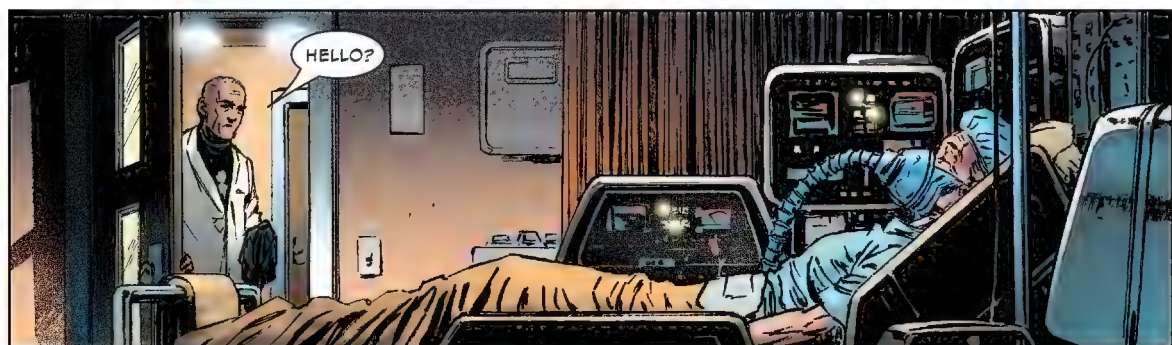
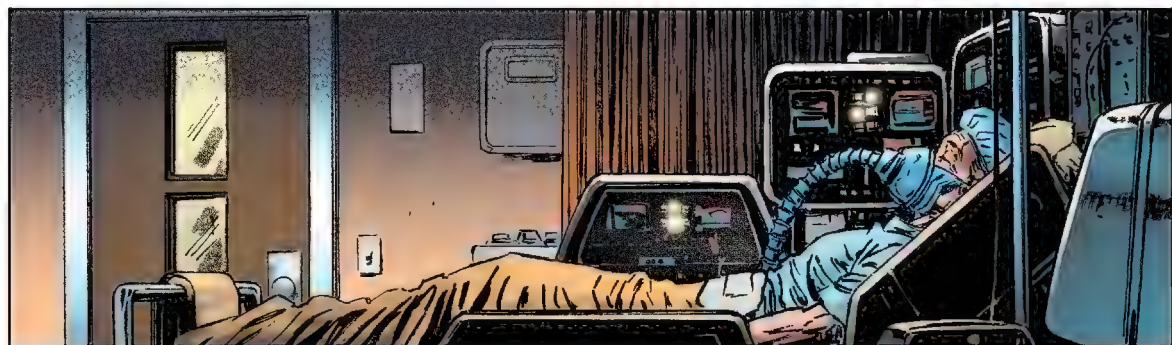
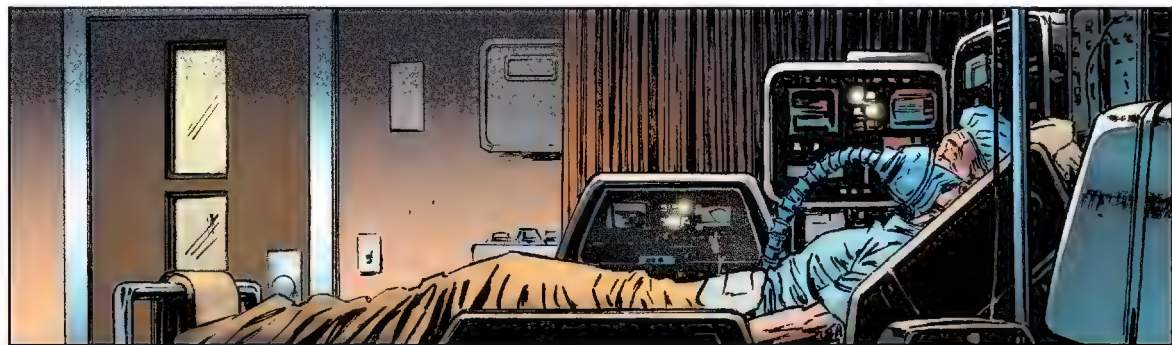
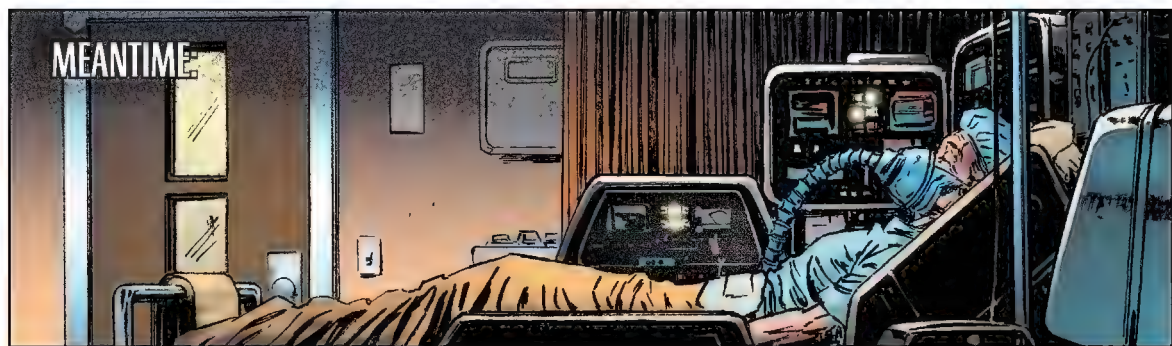
I
WAS SHOT,
PETER.

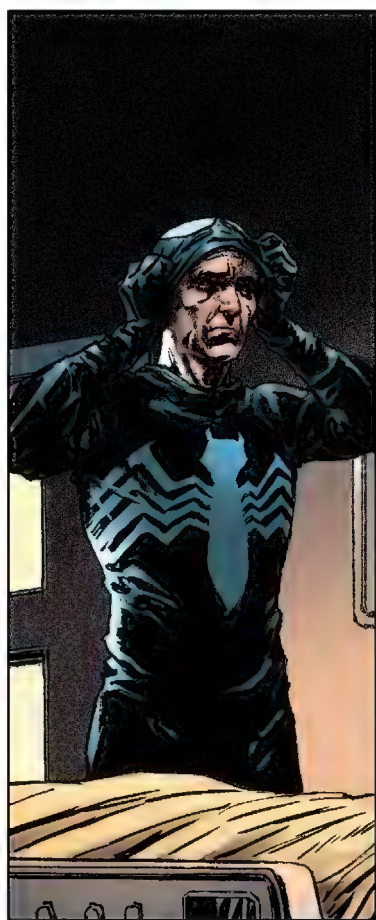
EVEN IF
I WANTED TO
"COME BACK," AS
YOU SAY...



"I DON'T THINK
MY BODY WOULD
LET ME..."









"...NOTHING
AT ALL."

AUNT
MAY...

AUNT MAY,
WAIT.

WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?
WHAT'S IN THAT
HOUSE?



LISTEN TO
ME, PETER...

GROW
OLD WITH YOUR
WIFE.

THE WAY
YOUR UNCLE BEN
DID WITH ME.



AUNT MAY,
WHAT'S...?

NO--
BEHIND
YOU--



HAVE
MANY, MANY
CHILDREN.

LET THEM BRING
YOU AS MUCH LOVE
AND JOY AS YOU
BROUGHT ME.

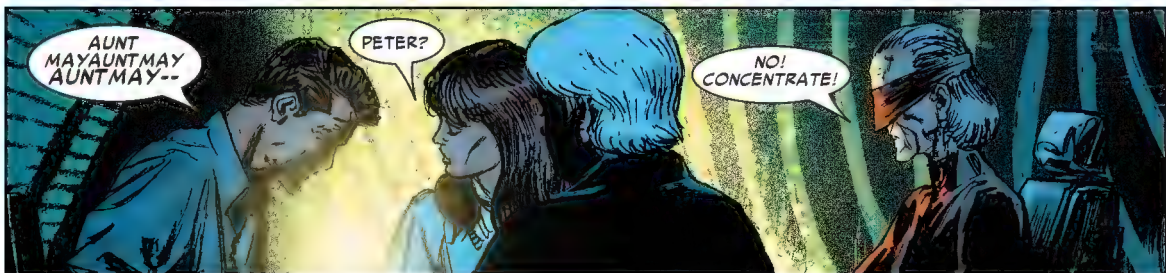


AUNT MAY--
WAIT--

DONT--



GOODBYE,
PETER--





WHY ISN'T SHE DEAD YET?

SHUT UP. I'M TRYING TO--

I CAN'T CONCENTRATE!



CONCENTRATE? WHY DO YOU NEED TO CONCENTRATE?

JUST CRUSH HER WINDPIPE! OR SMOTHER HER WITH A PILLOW! OR UNPLUG HER MACHINE! OR SLIT HER THROAT! OR--



SHUT--UP!!!!

SHUTUPSHUTUP SHUTUPSHUTUP SHUTUP!



OOOOOH, TOUCHY-TOUCHY...

LET ME THINK--

YOU'RE NOT--

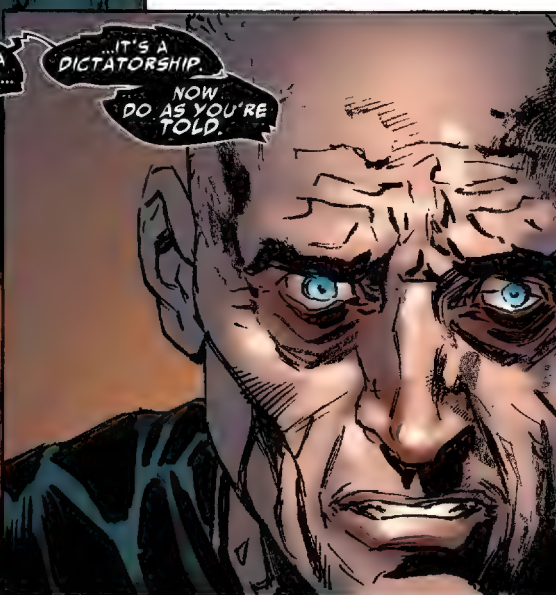
LETTING ME--

THINK--



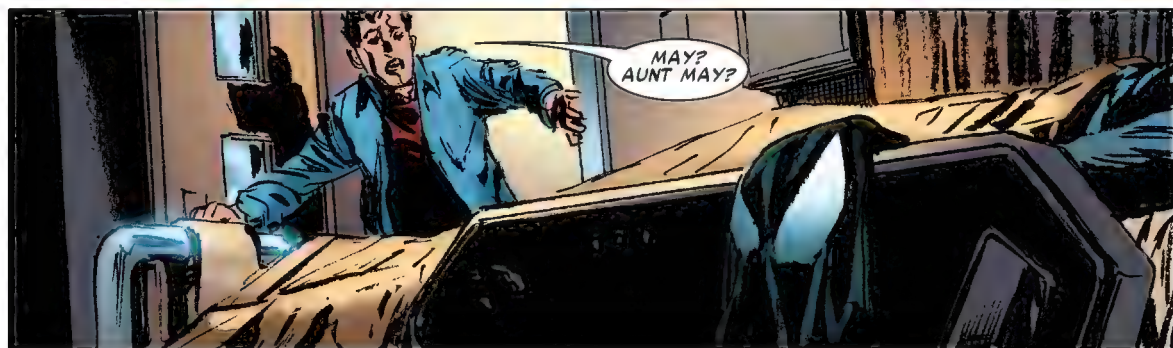
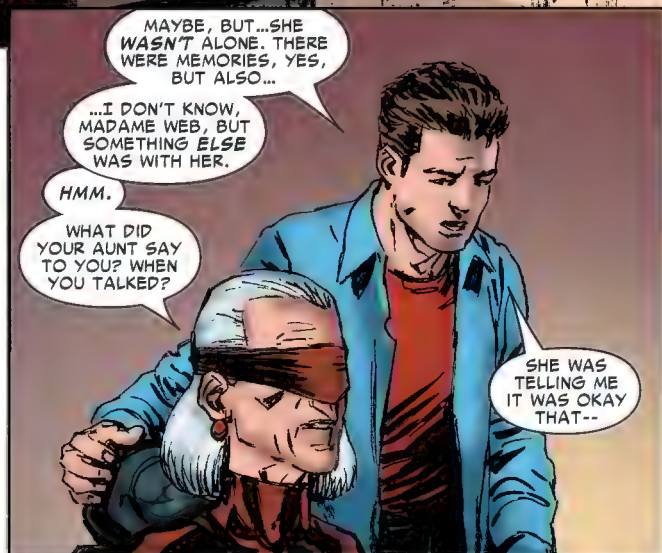
THINK? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, EDDIE, HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED?

THIS ISN'T A PARTNERSHIP...



...IT'S A DICTATORSHIP.

NOW DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.





SHE'S
ALL RIGHT,
PETER.

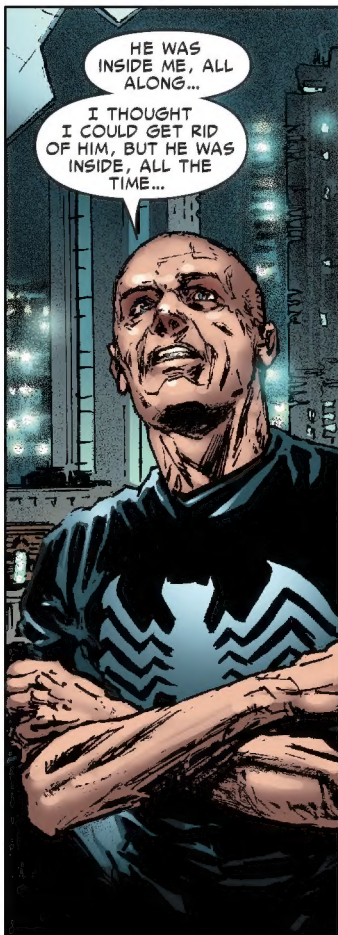
HE
WANTED ME TO
HURT HER, BUT...I
WOULDN'T.

THE
NURSE, YES...
BUT NOT SOMEONE
AS INNOCENT AND
GOOD AS YOUR
AUNT IS.



EDDIE?

WHO
WANTED YOU TO
HURT MAY?



HE WAS
INSIDE ME, ALL
ALONG...

I THOUGHT
I COULD GET RID
OF HIM, BUT HE WAS
INSIDE, ALL THE
TIME...



WHO?
WHO ARE WE
TALKING
ABOUT HERE,
EDDIE?



OUR
FRIEND.

BUT I
CUT HIM OUT.
I CUT HIM OUT
OF ME.





HUHN--!!

WHAT--!!

I'M...?

...ALIVE
STILL?

OH, YES.
HE SAVED
YOU.

CAUGHT YOU
WITH HIS WEB AND
STOPPED YOU
FROM GOING
ALL SPLAT!!

YOU...

YOU'RE...?

OH, YEAH.
I'M STILL HERE.
I'M NOT GOING
ANYWHERE,
ED-DIE.

...FINE.
FINE WITH
ME.

NOW THAT
WE KNOW WHO'S
IN CHARGE.